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## His BF



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### Chapter 1 by Ashley Ponce

Her name was Ashley she was everything that I wasn't but, she was everything that I wanted to be. Yes, I envied every detail about her starting with how she can make my boyfriend forget about me. She was smart, athletic always had the right word to say ever thing that I wasn't. I never understood why, I wasn't like any of the other girls. The thing is I preferred to be alone never knew that I wasn't pretty enough but, maybe I was pretty , maybe I wasn't. She was my boyfriend's friend, best friend for the matter a fact she made him feel free made him realize so many things that I couldn't and in some way he loved her fell for her, why wouldn't he she was what every guy dreamed of a girl who knew what a guy wanted who always said the right thing when he needed to hear it. Me I was dumb to believe that they were just friends; I believed that he was different when truly he wasn't. I never knew how bad I looked when I was around him or her. I thought that everything was okay but, the truth is they were holding hands when I wasn't around; he looked at her when he didn't look at me. They pretended that nothing was wrong but, I knew that they had something for each other but, they said "NO" that I was wrong they made me feel so bad that, I was accusing them.

As weeks went by I found out more when things got worse between us between us "Three", the hardest thing was that his BF told me everything, that the girl who I envied so much, told me the

truth instead of the guy who said he loved me, I was nothing to him, I was a girl who he had on display just so, that people knew. I was "Nothing" but, I stood up for myself. The reality was that it created scars in my body, scars that he never saw. She was something I wanted to be because, he was sweet and kind when it came to her heart my heart meant

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nothing to him he ripped it bruised it and used it as much as he could. But, I stayed because; I loved him even when he cheated and when I was meaningless. He only saw my pain when I had tears running down my cheeks, he fought for me only when I wanted to run but, not when I was their right by his side. He needed something physical when, I was not with him he wanted more and more. He wanted a "Kiss" from her a kiss that made him forget about me. A kiss, a girl he traded to break my heart for.

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